Christmas Carols and Hymns

for

Children

SET TO MUSIC

BY THE

REV. J. S. B. HODGES, S.T.D.

BOOK I

1. God rest ye merry, gentlemen
2. Christians, awake
3. Hark! a burst of heavenly music
4. Angels from the realms of glory
5. Hark! what sounds are sweetly stealing
6. See! the Morning Star is dwelling
7. Shepherds were folding their flocks in Judea
8. All this night bright angels sing

BOOK II

9. Hear again the wondrous story
10. Ring out the bells
11. Clear upon the night air sounding
12. Long, long ago in Bethlehem
13. I was a Child
14. Sheep on the wintry wold
15. Myriad stars o'erhung the plains
16. Sing, sing for Christmas

BOOK I

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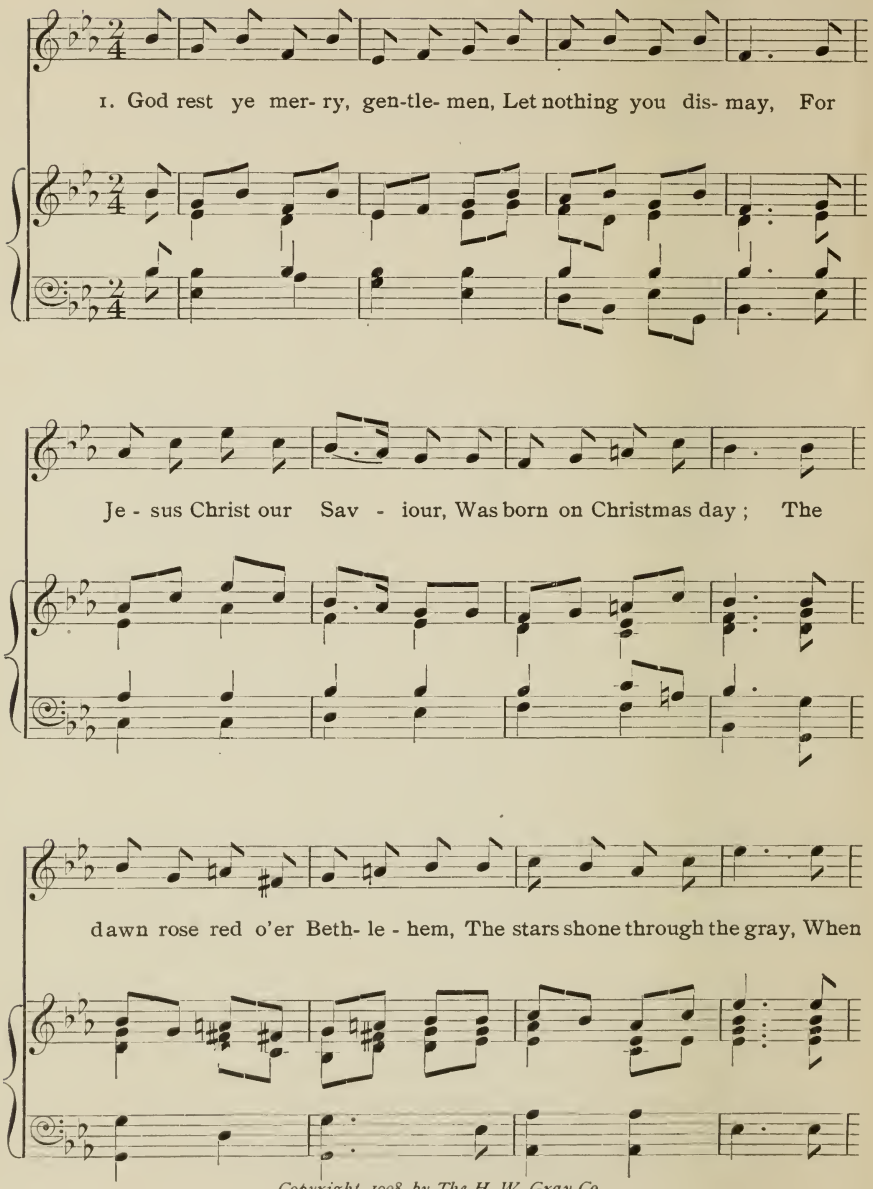
No. 1. **God rest ye merry, Gentlemen.**

J. S. B. Hodges, S.T.D.



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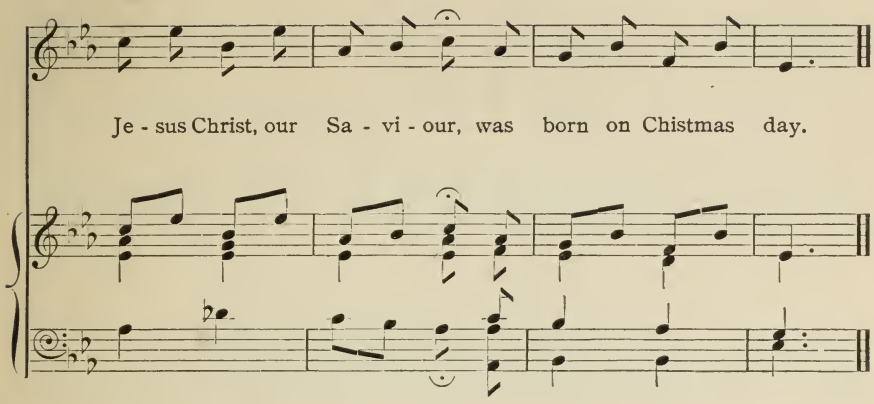
God rest ye merry, Gentlemen.



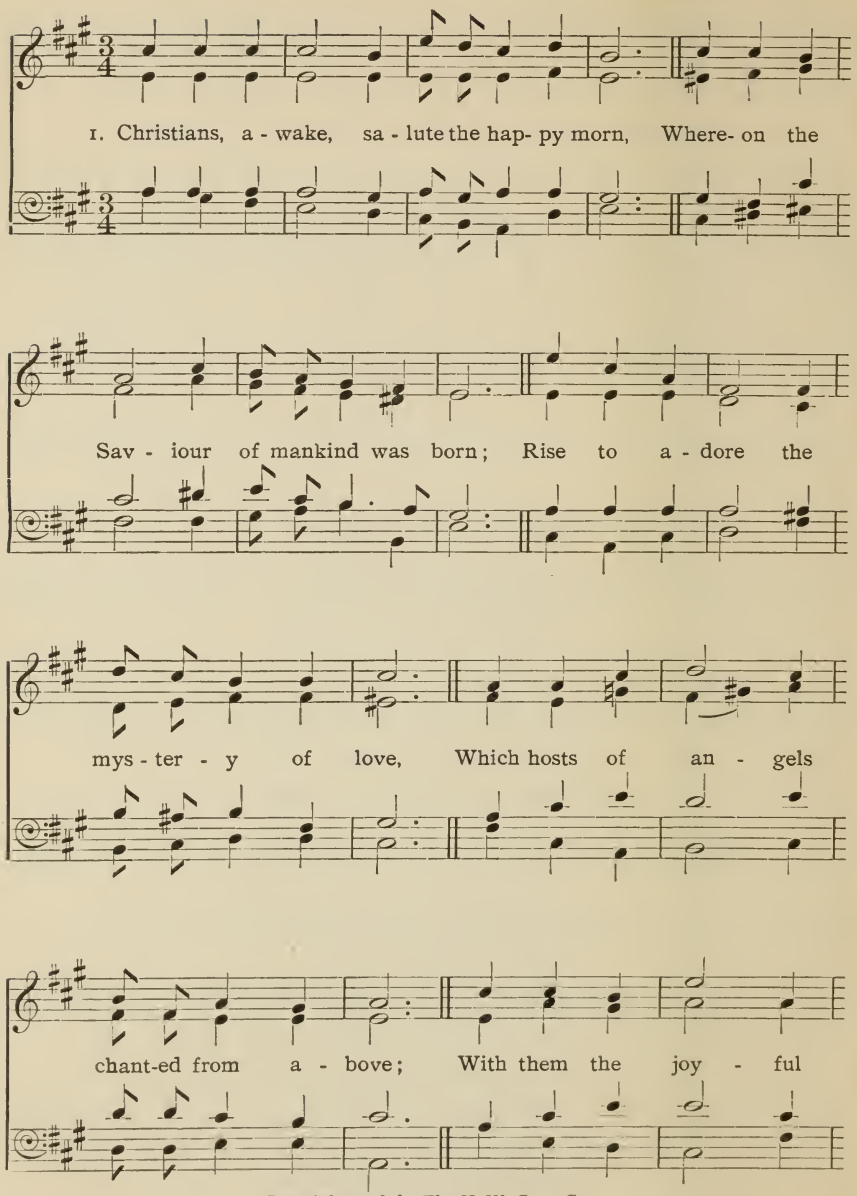
2 God rest ye, little children,
Let nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour,
Was born this happy night!
Along the hills of Galilee,
The white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the Child of Nazareth,
Was born on Christmas day,

3 God rest ye all, good Christians,
Upon this blessed morn
The Lord of all good Christians,
Was of a woman born.
Now all your sorrows He doth heal,
Your sins He takes away,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas day.

No. 2.

"Christians, awake."

J. S. B. Hodges, S.T.D.



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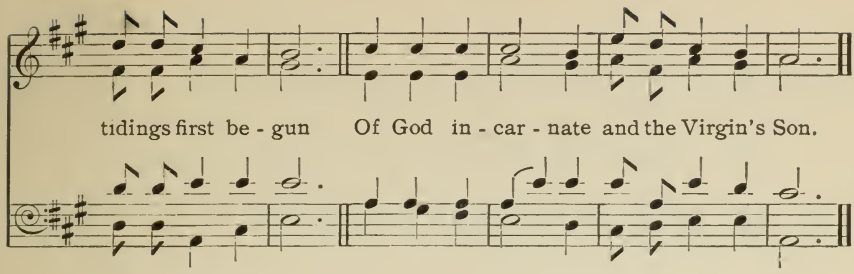
"Christians, awake."



2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole arch with alleluias rang:
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

4 To Bethlehem straight the happy shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man:
And found, with Joseph and the blessèd maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid;
Amazed the wondrous story they proclaim,
The earliest heralds of the Saviour's name.

5 Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;
Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter cross;
Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

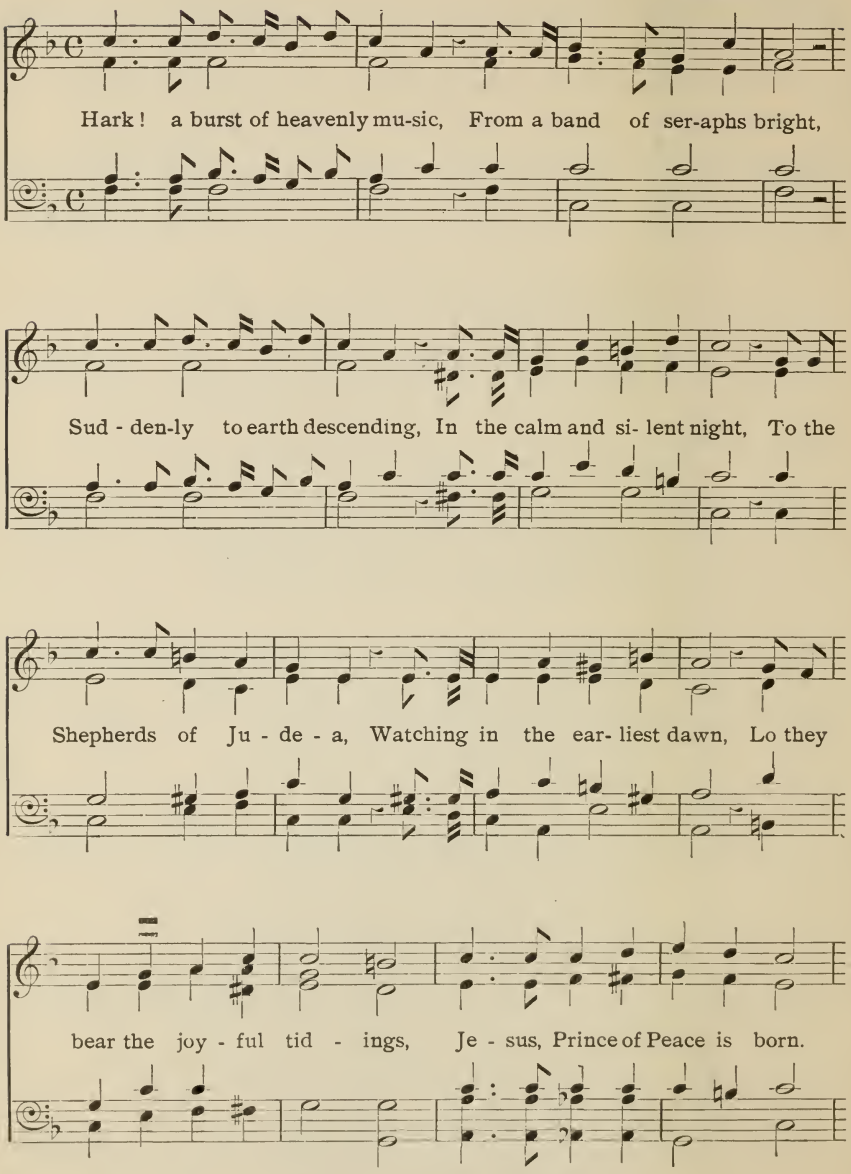
6 Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;
He, that was born upon this joyful day;
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Of angels and of angel-men the King.

J. BYROM, 1773.

No. 3.

Hark! a burst of heavenly music.

J. S. B. Hodges, S. T. D.



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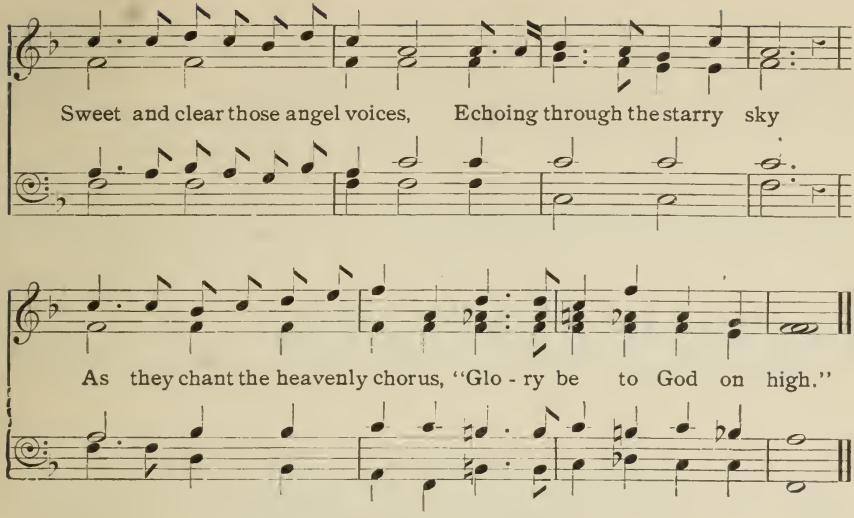
Hark! a burst of heavenly music.

CHORUS.



2 Slumbering in a lowly manger
Lies the mighty Lord of all,
And before the holy Stranger
See the trembling shepherds fall.
He has come, the long expected,
Full of wisdom, love and grace,
To redeem His ruined creatures,
To restore our fallen race.

CHO.—So let angels wake the chorus,
So let ransomed men reply,
Chanting the celestial anthem,
"Glory be to God on high."

3 And this joyful Christmas morning
Breaking o'er the world below,
Tells again the wondrous story
Shepherds heard so long ago.
Who shall still our tuneful voices,
Who the tide of praise shall stem
Which the blessed angels taught us,
In the fields of Bethlehem?

CHO.—Hark, we hear again the chorus,
Ringing through the starry sky,
And we join the heavenly anthem,
"Glory be to God on high!"

No. 4.

Angels from the realms of glory.

J. S. B. Hodges, S. T. D.

1. An - gels from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your

flight o'er all the earth; Ye who sang cre - a - tion's

sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth; Come and

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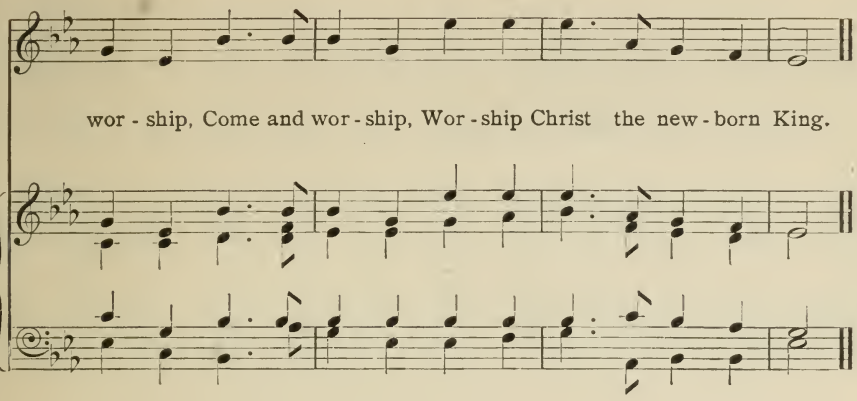
Angels from the realms of glory.



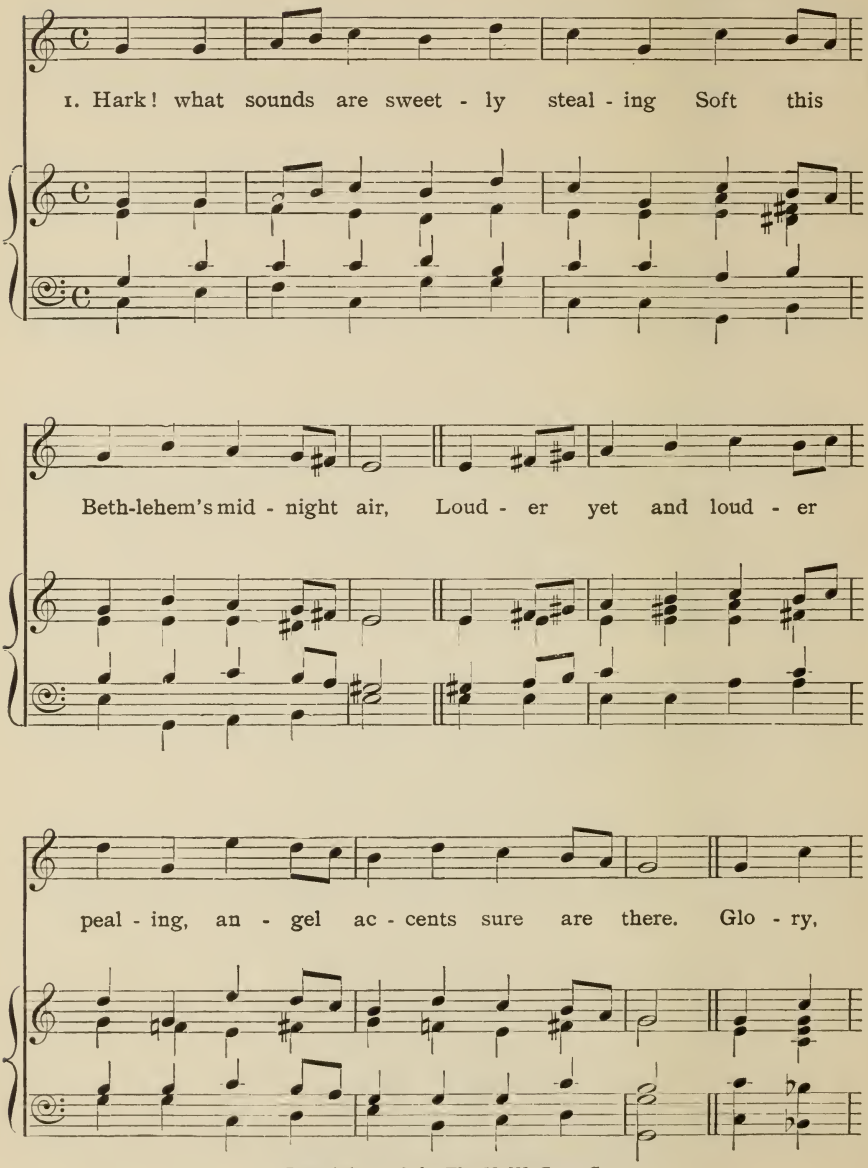
2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light:
‖ Come and worship, ‖
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star:
‖ Come and worship, ‖
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear.
‖ Come and worship, ‖
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

No. 5. Hark! what sounds are sweetly stealing.

J. S. B. Hodges, S.T.D.



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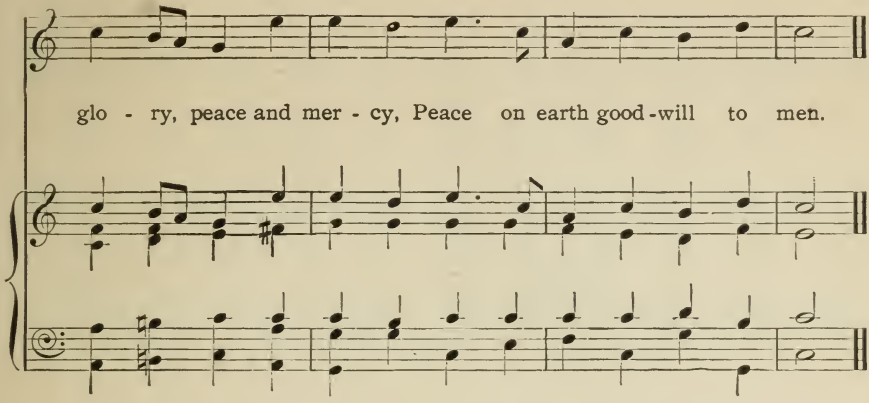
Hark! what sounds are sweetly stealing.



2 See, a light from Heaven is streaming,
Night and darkness quit the plain;
See, an angel brightly beaming,
Followed by a radiant train.
Glory, glory, peace and mercy,
Peace on earth, good-will to men.

3 Fear not, shepherds! glad my story,
Tidings of the greatest joy;
Christ is born, the Lord of glory!
I proclaim a Saviour nigh.
Glory, glory, peace and mercy,
Peace on earth, good-will to men.

4 Thus the angel—then ascending
Seeks again the realm of light;
Now the chorus, faintly ending,
All is silence, all is night
Glory, glory, peace and mercy,
Peace on earth, good-will to men.

No. 6. **See! the Morning Star is dwelling.**

J. S. B. Hodges, S. T. D.

See, the Morn - ing Star is dwell - ing On the

East - ern moun-tain's height; See the Day all days ex -

cell - ing, Bursts up - on our ach - ing sight; Sing we

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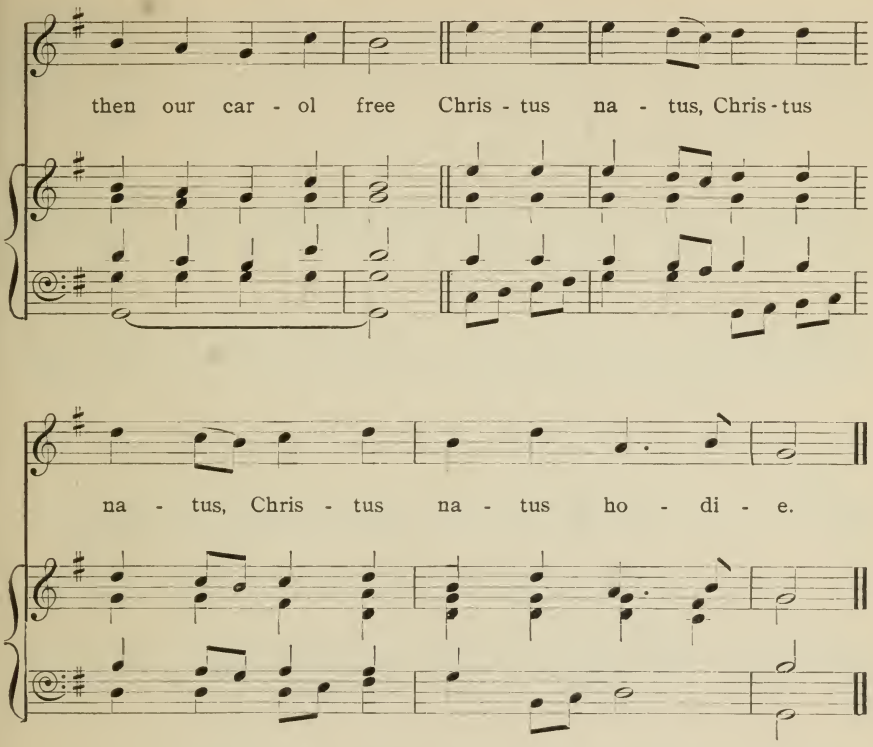
See! the Morning Star is dwelling.



2 Long our watch has been, and dreary,
Long we wandered from afar;
So the wise men, worn and weary,
Followed still the leading star,
Till the Day-spring's Self they see;
Christus natus hodie.

3 Hence! away, all care and sadness!
Hence! and ne'er return again;
Angels sing with notes of gladness,
"Peace on earth, good-will to men,"
Join we then in carol free,
Christus natus hodie,

No. 7. Shepherds were folding their flocks in Judea.

J. S. B. Hodges, S.T.D.

1. Shep-herds were fold-ing their flocks in Ju-de-a,

Glo-ry was fill-ing the arch of the sky,

Wake from your slum-bers, the an-gels are sing-ing,

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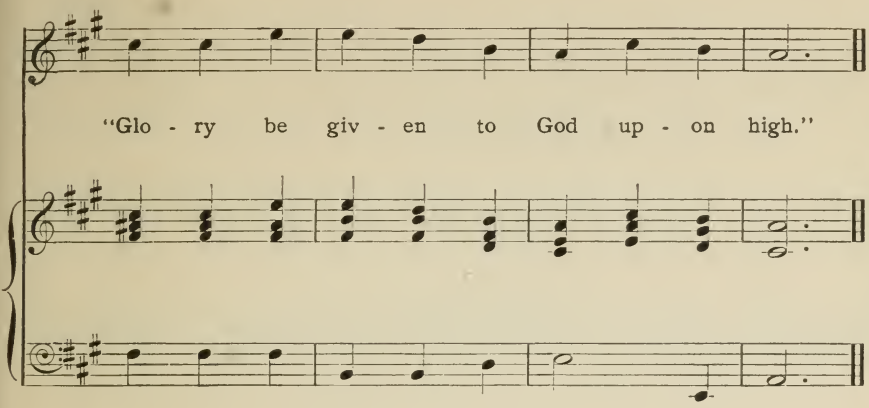
Shepherds were folding their flocks in Judea.



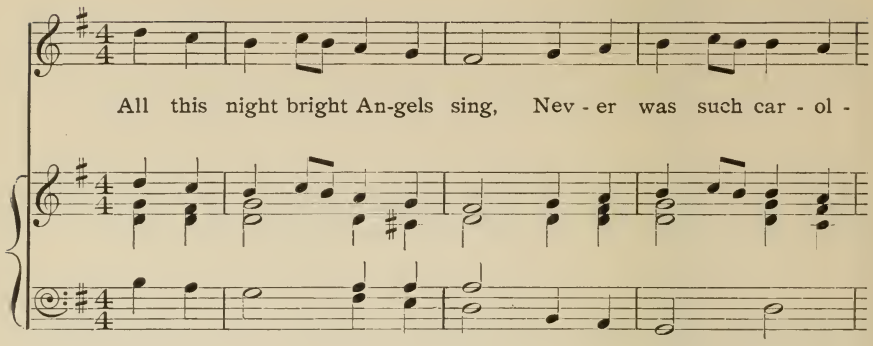
2 Quickly the Shepherds to Bethlehem hasted,
Fast flew the wonderful tidings around;
Long had the eye been awaiting the vision,
Long had the ear been awaiting the sound.

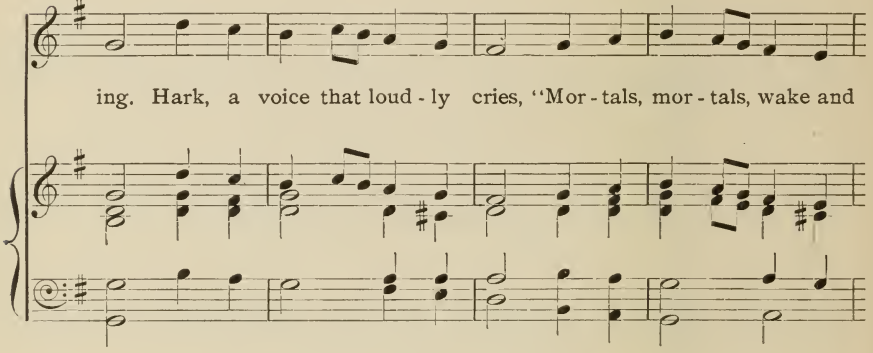
3 Lowly the spot where they found the Redeemer,
Only a manger to welcome His birth,
Strange, in the City of Joseph and David,
Place was not found for the King of the earth.

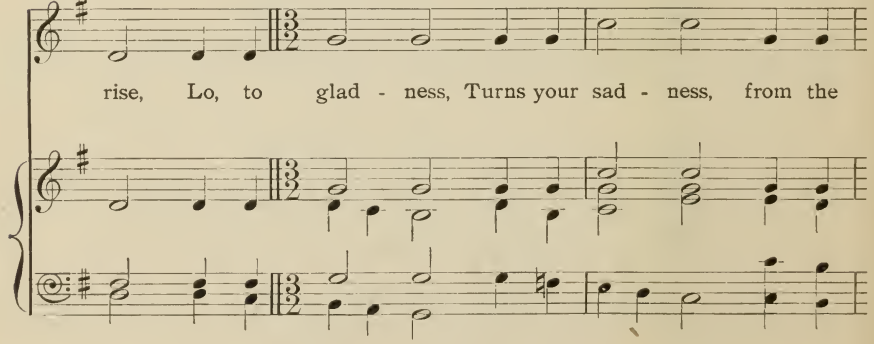
4 Advent of Jesus, oh, season of gladness,
Gift of the Church, and the Door of the Year,
Herald the tidings, the friend of the friendless,
Lover of children, the Saviour, is here.

No. 8. **All this night bright angels sing.**

J. S. B. Hodges, S. T. D.







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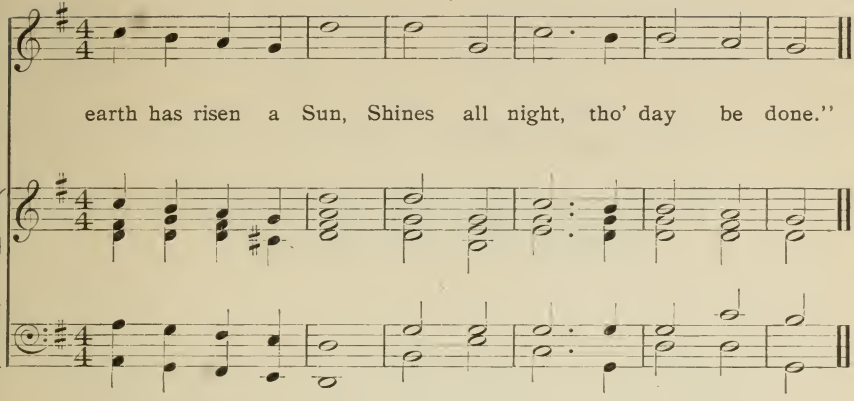
All this night bright angels sing.



2.

Wake, O Earth, wake everything!
Wake and hear the joy I bring!
Wake and joy, for all this night
Heaven and every twinkling light,
All amazing,
Still stand gazing:
Angels, Powers, and all that be,
Wake and joy this Sun to see.

3.

Hail! O Sun, O blessed Light,
Sent into this world by night—
Let thy rays and heavenly powers,
Shine in these dark souls of ours.
For most duly,
Thou art truly,
God and Man we do confess—
Hail! O Sun of Righteousness.

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No. 9.

Hear again the wondrous story.

Words by Hon. Seth Low. J. S. B. Hodges, S.T.D.

Hear a - gain the wondrous sto - ry, Of the Sav - iour's low - ly

birth, How He left the Fa - ther's glo - ry, As a

man to dwell on earth,— How He rest - ed in the

man - ger, While the stars shone bright a - bove, Like an

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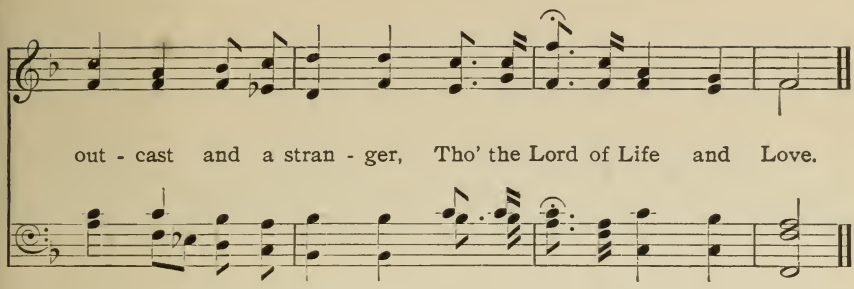
Hear again the wondrous story.



2 This is why the bells are ringing
  Through the bleak December air,
Old and young together bringing
  To the house of praise and prayer;
This is why the lights are burning
  On our laden Christmas Tree,
That our hearts to Jesus turning,
  May his loving-kindness see.

3 Sing we then in joyful chorus,
  Till it sound from earth to sky,
As the angels sang before us,
  "Glory be to God on high!"
Glory to our God be given,
  Songs of praise shall never cease,
For the Lord is come from heaven
  With the gifts of love and peace.

4 Would you hear the angel voices
  Ring again through heaven's high dome?
As of old that choir rejoices
  When the Saviour finds a home,
He who for his sins lamenteth
  Will the angel anthems start,
For the sinner that repenteth
  Makes it Christmas in his heart.

No. 10.

Ring out the Bells.

J. S. B. Hodges, S. T. D.

1. Ring out the bells for Christ-mas, The hap - py, hap - py, day,

In win - ter wild, the Ho - ly Child, Within the cra - dle lay.

Oh, won - der- full! the Sav - iour Is in a man - ger lone;

His pal - ace is a sta - ble, And Ma - ry's arm His throne.

Chorus.

Ring out the bells for Christ - mas, The hap - py, hap - py day,

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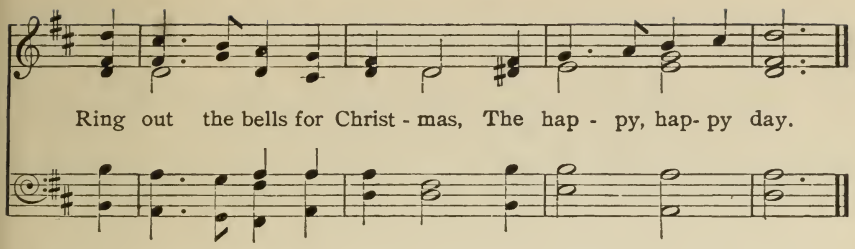
Ring out the Bells.



2 Ring out the bells for Christmas,
The happy, happy day,
In winter wild the Holy Child,
Within the cradle lay.
Oh! wonderful! the Saviour
Is in a manger lone;
His palace is a stable,
And Mary's arm his throne.—Cho.

3 On Bethlehem's quiet hillside,
In ages long gone by,
In angel notes the Glory floats,
Glory to God on high!
Yet wakes the sun as joyous
As when the Lord was born,
And still He comes to greet you
On every Christmas morn.—Cho.

4 Where'er His sweet lambs gather
Within His gentle fold,
The Saviour dear is waiting near,
As in the days of old:
In each young heart you see Him,
In every guileless face,
You see the Holy Jesus,
Who grew in truth and grace.—Cho.

5 In many a darksome cottage,
In a many a crowded street,
In winter bleak, with shivering cheek,
The homeless child you meet;
Gaze on the pale wan features,
The feet with wandering sore,
You see the souls He loveth,
The Christ-child at the door.—Cho.

6 Then sing your gladsome carols,
And hail the new-born Sun;
For Christmas light is passing bright,
It smiles on every one.
And feast Christ's little children,
His poor, His orphan call;
For He who chose the manger,
He loveth one and all.—Cho.

No. 11. "Clear upon the Night air sounding."

J. S. B. Hodges, S.T.D.

1. Clear up-on the night air sound-ing, Sweet-ly echo-ing

o'er the plain, Fell the an-gel-voice, an-nouncing, "Christ is born in

Beth-le-hem," Clear-er, sweet-er, swell'd the Chorus, From the an-gel-

cresc.

host a-round, "Glo-ry, glo-ry, in the high-est, And on earth good-

f

will a-bound." As the an-gels sang we sing, Glo-ry to the

p *mf*

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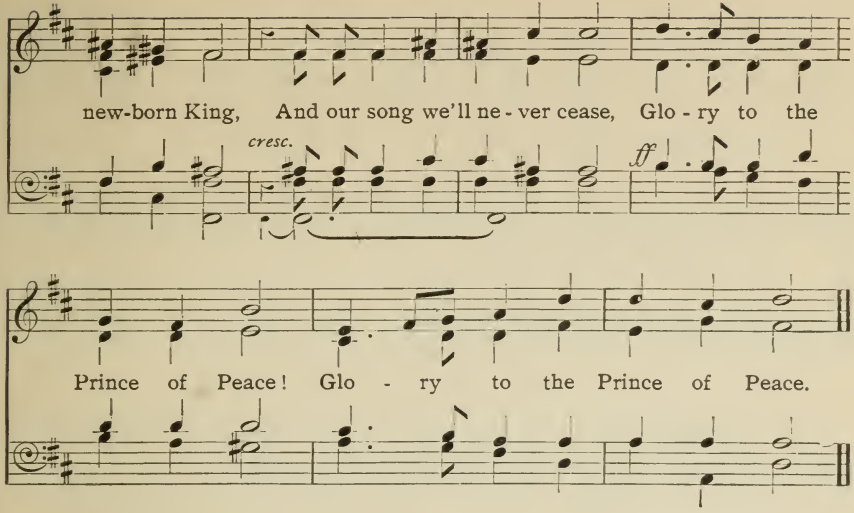


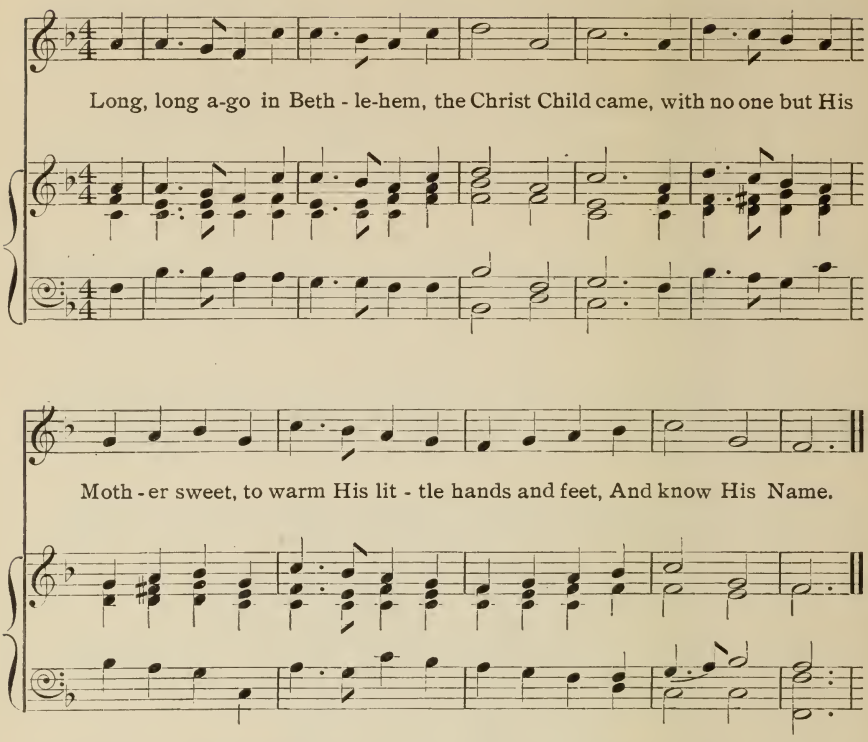
2 Prophets told the wondrous story,
Of the future King and Lord;
Who from upper realms of glory,
Should descend our Light and Word.
But they knew not all His brightness,
Nor the fulness of His grace, —
Could not join the heavenly chorus,
Nor the song of triumph rise.
As the angels sang we sing,
Glory to our God and King;
And our song we'll never cease,
Glory to the Prince of Peace.

3 We who know the loving Saviour,
Who have found the lasting peace;
Who have heard His voice celestial,
Bidding all our sorrows cease;
We can raise the song of triumph,
With th' angelic host proclaim;
"Glory, glory, in the highest!
Christ is born in Bethlehem."
And as angels sang we sing,
Glory to our God and King;
And our song we'll never cease,
Glory to the Prince of Peace.

No. 12.

Long, long ago in Bethlehem.

Words by Evelyn Beale. J. S. B. Hodges, S.T.D.



2 How wonderful to think that He
Was God of all!
No sign of Heaven's bright estate
To show that He was rich and great,
That babe so small.

3 Yet thousand angels worshipped Him
On that dark night;
To their dear Lord on reverent knee
Poor shepherds knelt, made wise to see
By Heavenly light.

4 Still in the long dark winter time
The Christ - Child comes:
Have we no place, O children dear,
Must we not wish to keep Him here
In our own homes?

5 O Christ-Child sweet, our Infant King,
We children pray,—
Make in our hearts a little place
Where we may keep Thee, by Thy Grace,
On Christmas Day!

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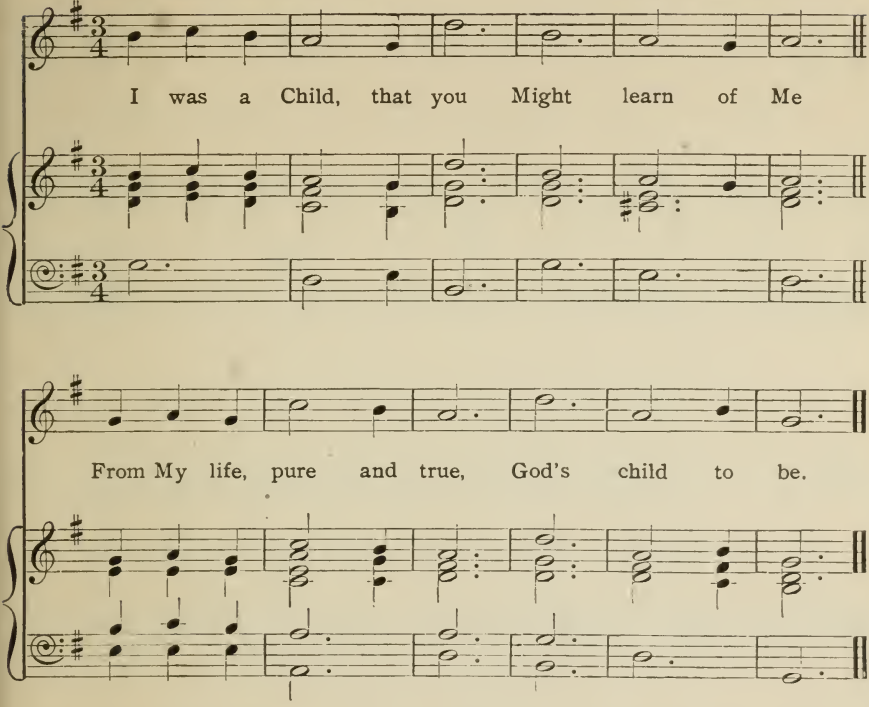
No. 13.

I was a Child.

Words by The Late Dean Hole. J. S. B. Hodges, S.T.D.



2 I, as a Servant, learned
Obedience due;
My daily bread I earned,
You must work too.

3 Learn from Me, learn the Truth,
Growing in Grace;
Love, as I loved, in youth
God's Holy Place.

4 You, child, must bear the Cross;
Soon there must be
Sorrow, and pain, and loss,
Share them with Me:

5 Come, tell Me all thy woe,
When thou art sad,
And, in thy gladness, know
I too am glad.

6 Fear not, for I am nigh;
Asking My aid,
Faith hears My voice, "'Tis I,
Be not afraid."

No. 14. "Sheep on the wintry wold."

Words by W. C. Doane, D.D. J. S. B. Hodges, S.T.D.

Sheep on the wint - ry wold, sheep far from shelt-'ring fold,

wand - 'ring and wea - ry and rea - dy to die;

Then the Good Shep-herd came, call - ing His own by name,

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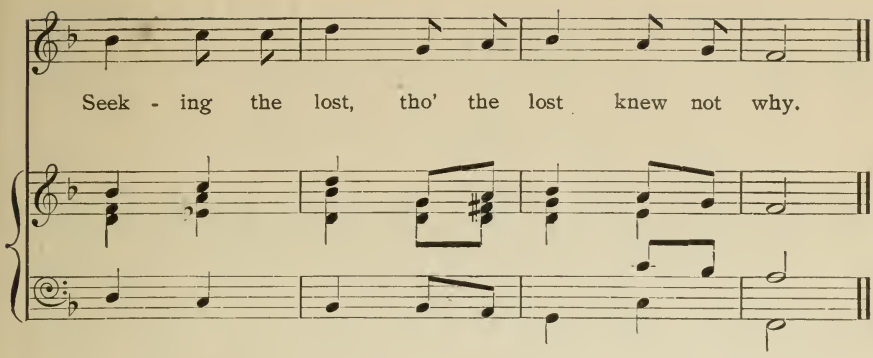
"Sheep on the wintry wold."



2 Swift to the manger-bed, by the bright starlight led,
Haste we where Jesus, the newly born Child
Lies in sweet lowliness, waiting with love to bless
Those who adore at His shrine, undefiled.

3 We who had lost our way, we who had gone astray,
See Him who comes in the fulness of time;
Throned on His Mother's breast, He gives, as she gives, rest,
Infant, yet Monarch, supreme and sublime.

4 Mary through tears of joy looks on her wondrous Boy,
Ponders on troubles half veiled from her eyes,
Sword which should pierce her heart, darkness and sorrows smart,
Though she forgets them to soothe her Child's cries.

5 O how unlike we are, yet we may stand afar,
Daring to look on the face of our Lord;
Whilst in the creature we grace in each feature see,
Love, the Creator, must worship afford.

6 Lo, as we humbly kneel, suddenly voices peal,
Sweep from the sky in a storm of sweet sound,
"Glory to God" they sing, "peace to the earth" they bring,
Now the lost sheep by the Shepherd are found.

No. 15. **Myriad stars o'erhung the plains.**

Words by Owen E. MacGillicuddy. J. S. B. Hodges, S.T.D.

1. Myr-iad stars o'er-hung the plains Of Beth-le-hem that night; But

bright-er far than all the rest One star flung out its light. The

brightness of that star proclaim'd The com-ing of the King; And

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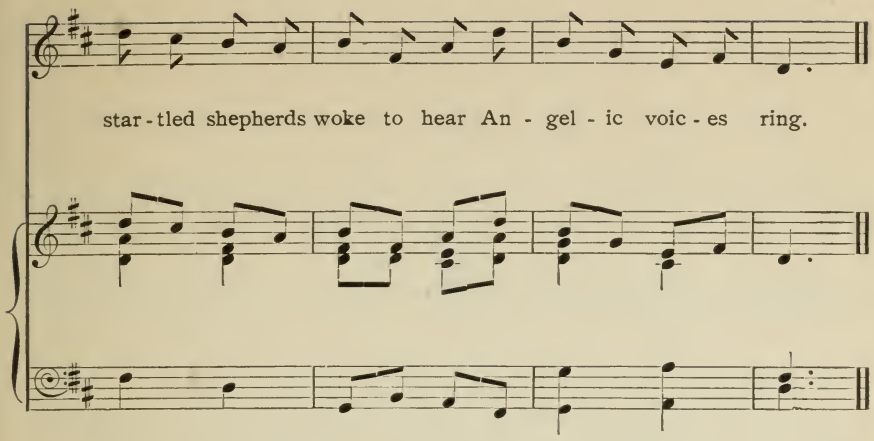

2 From out the East with precious gifts
Came wise men from afar,
To where with fullest glory shone
The radiance of that Star.
"Here is the dwelling of the King,"
They cried with gladsome shout;
And far above them through the night
The heavenly song rang out.

3 Dear Lord, we bring our hearts to Thee,
Not frankincense nor gold,
Such as that night with holy joy
The wise men brought of old.
Abide with us, O heavenly Child,
Our Saviour, Master, Friend;
And to Thy Name our songs shall rise
In praises without end.

No. 16.

Sing, sing for Christmas.

J. S. B. Hodges, S. T. D.

1. Sing, sing for Christmas, Welcome, happy day; For Christ is born our

Sav - iour, To take our sins a - way. Sing, sing a joy - ful song

Loud and clear to - day, To praise our Lord and Sav - iour, Who

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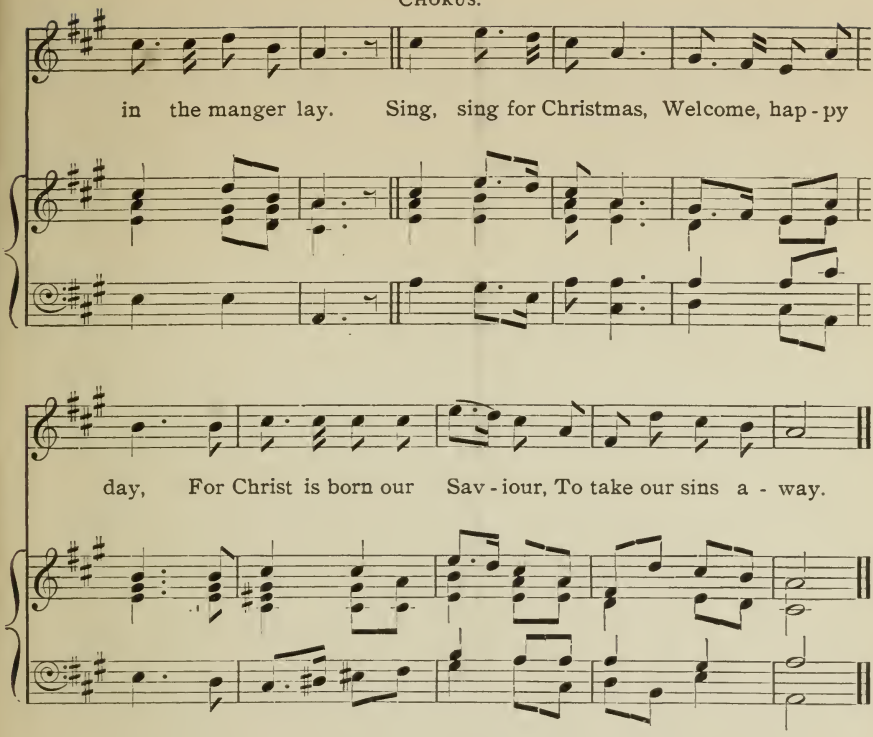
Sing, sing for Christmas.

CHORUS.



2 Tell, tell the story,
Of the wondrous night,
When shepherds who were watching
Their flocks till morning light,
Saw angel hosts from heav'n,
Heard the angel voice,
And so were told the tidings
Which makes the world rejoice.—CHO.

3 Soft, softly shining,
Stars were in the sky,
And silver fell the moonlight
On hill and mountain high,
When suddenly the night
Outshone the bright mid-day,
With angel hosts who herald
The reign of peace for aye.—CHO.

4 Hark, hear them singing,
Singing in the sky.
Be worship, honor, glory,
And praise to God on high!
Peace, peace, good-will to men!
Born the Child from heaven!
The Christ, the Lord, the Saviour,
The Son to you is given!—CHO.

5 Sing, sing for Christmas!
Echo, earth, the cry
Of worship, honor, glory,
And praise to God on high!
Sing, sing the joyful song,
Let it never cease,
Of glory in the highest,
On earth, good-will and peace.—CHO.

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